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Middle-Class Youth in Italy

by MICHAEL CROWDER

“Youth, springtime of beauty” was the refrain of a favourite Fascist song. Fascism appealed to youth, especially to middle-class youth. Mr Crowder, young himself, discussed their political and other ideas with young Italians whom he met this summer in northern Italy and gives us the following report of their attitude, relating it to their country’s present economic prosperity

MILAN, four o’clock in the morning. A gaunt, grey, industrial city, brightened only by the election banners stretched across its business-like streets. “Vota Comunista”, “Vota Democrazia Cristiana”, “Vota Movimento Sociale Italiano”, they flap at the empty thoroughfares. It is the morning after the general election, which by all accounts went off quietly enough.

Forty-three years before, on January 25, 1915, Benito Mussolini formed his Fasci d’Azione Rivoluzionaria in Milan. In 1919, with the backing of industrialists and wealthy aristocrats who feared a Bolshevik revolution, he founded the militant Fasci di Combattimento. Three years later, after defeating a Communist-inspired attempt at a general strike, he moved into Rome. Subsequent events are well known. What had started in Milan ended in Milan, with the bodies of Mussolini and his mistress, Clara Petacci, dangling obscenely by their feet in the Piazza Loreto for an hysterical mob to defile.

The reasons for Mussolini’s rise to power were many. There was a real danger of Communist revolution. The majority of Italians were bewildered and apathetic after World War I as they saw their country under a weak government facing financial collapse. Unemployment was rising. The middle classes were frightened and angry. In such conditions a confused people may eagerly seek a strong leader without questioning his merits and Mussolini was not without merit: his regime reorganized the railways, curbed unemployment and built fine roads. But it led to disaster under an ugly political system; and Italy emerged from World War II divided, exhausted and humiliated.

As I entered Milan station, that vast and vulgar monument to Fascism, I wondered what currency Fascism had today among the middle-class youth of Milan and other northern towns, who in the twenties had played the role of party militants to Mussolini. Did it attract them still? Had they forgotten the excesses of the old regime? Did the authoritarian streak in the Italian

character once again manifest itself in the post-war generation?

In the train to Viareggio, a seaside resort on the Mediterranean coast of Italy, I picked up a paper that gave details of the seats won in the two previous general elections in 1948 and 1953.

Major Parties	Chamber of Deputies		Senate	
	1948	1953	1948	1953
Christian Democrats ..	365	261	149	116
Communists	United in 1948 as Communist Soc. Front	183	143	54
Nenni Socialists			75	28
Social Democrats ..	33	19	22	4
Movimento Sociale Italiano	6	29	1	9
Monarchists ..	14	40	6	16
Others, inc. Liberals	33	23	49	6

Though the neo-Fascist M.S.I. had increased its vote, it was still very small, with only 29 seats in the Chamber. The fact that the M.S.I.’s gains in the Senate, where the minimum voting age was twenty-five, were proportionately much higher than in the Chamber, where it was twenty-one, suggests that young people were not attracted to that party in large numbers; while on the other hand estimates suggested that many young people were voting for the Communists and Nenni Socialists. It would be interesting to see if the addition of five years of new voters had changed the position when the election results were announced that evening.

The proprietor of my *pensione* in Viareggio was a medical student at Pisa’s ancient University. It was fortunate for him that his vacation coincided with the tourist season.

I asked him whether Fascism had much support among Italian youth today.

“Not in general,” he replied in English, “but at my university I would say almost 60



photographs, except one, by the author



(Above) Many Communist election banners were stretched across the streets of Viareggio, a resort on the coast of Tuscany, during the 1958 general election. They caused little comment among the inhabitants because although the industrial community includes, as in most northern Italian towns, a considerable 'red' vote, at the start of the tourist season they are too busy to take part in active political demonstrations. (Left) Nor did the young people seem to have much time for the Rock 'n' Roll film at the local cinema, which drew small and unenthusiastic audiences. Many young men spent the evenings wandering up and down the magnificent promenade, eyeing the girls; and by day, if they were not at work, they preferred the beach (opposite, top) to the cinema and evidently enjoyed it as much as did (opposite, bottom) the children on an outing from their convent school



per cent of the students are Fascist, or have Fascist sympathies."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Well, young people there don't much care for being Christian Democrats. The party's too religious. Their belief is that it's impossible to be both democratic and under clerical influence. They feel the need for a new party, free from religious influence, that isn't Communist or fellow-travelling. The M.S.I. was founded after the war to be independent of the Church's influence. At first, members wouldn't admit that it was a Fascist party, even though many of its leaders were well-known Fascists. But now they admit that the M.S.I. is really the child of the old Fascist party, and—what is even worse—they are proud of it. There is terrific propaganda for the party at the university, and young men there are very interested in it. You see, youth is very much opposed to the clerical influence in politics."

"Are you yourself against it?" I asked.

"No," he replied emphatically. "For most Italian people their spiritual formation is inseparable from their religious background. Politics alone will not do. I think, myself, that there is great necessity for us to have close collaboration with the clergy. After all the only party that can fight the Communists is the Christian Democrats. The Liberals are too small, and we have seen what happens when Fascists take up the struggle."

"Are there many Communists at your university?"

"Very few. I should think that out of every ten students only one is a Communist; but there are about six Fascists, two Christian Democrats and one Liberal."

"Why are so few of them Christian Democrats when it is the main party in Italy?" I asked.

"Most young people are ashamed to call themselves Christian Democrats. Many are Fascists when they are young, but become Christian Democrats as soon as they start work or marry."

That evening the election results came in, showing a marked decline in the fortunes of the neo-Fascist party. The *status quo* was maintained among the other major parties.

In one sense this was a remarkable result: the Christian Democrats have been in power ever since the war, and young people are notoriously extremist and opposed to the established order. On the other hand, as the continuance of heavy voting for the extremist parties showed, the Christian Democrats had failed to convince a large bulk of Italy's voters

of the merits of parliamentary democracy.

		Chamber of Deputies	Senate
Christian Democrats	..	273	122
Communists	..	140	60
Nenni Socialists	..	84	35
Social Democrats	..	23	5
Movimento Sociale Italiano		25	8
Monarchists	..	23	7
Liberals	..	16	4

One of the main causes of Fascism remains: the Communist Party. So too does unemployment. But Italy of today differs considerably from the Italy of the twenties. Whereas the Americans did not help their stricken ally then, this time they have bolstered up the post-war economy of their former enemy so that in the North at least there is prosperity. The 1954 index of industrial production was 71 per cent above that of 1938, while the level of activity of manufacturing industries was 65 per cent above the pre-war level. National income is increasing at an annual rate of over 5 per cent, the highest recorded in Italian history. The Vanoni ten-year development plan for the South aims at wiping out unemployment by 1964. The Organization for European Economic Cooperation approved it and in 1955 the International Bank made a \$70,000,000 loan to the Fund for the development of the South. If this is successful it will expand the potential market in Italy enormously.

The post-war progress of Italy has been impressive. In the North there is none of the apathy of the twenties. Nor did I get the impression that youth in Italy was confused, angry or muddled to the same extent that it is in England and America. Italy has no "beat generation", "angry young men" or "Teddy boys". In Viareggio they were showing *Il Delinquente del Rock 'n' Roll* or *Jailhouse Rock*, with Elvis Presley. The cinema was almost empty when I saw it. I counted no more than a dozen people in the cinema when I entered, though it did fill up a little towards the end. There was not a woman in the audience, except for a couple of English girls. Reaction, even to the most suggestive of Presley's hip-waggings, was stony silence; not even the most rhythmic "Rocks" evoked more than sympathetic

The scooter is the favourite form of transport for Italian youth. Young men, often with girls—who usually ride side-saddle—on the pillion, tend to be as dangerous on them as they are in cars. The number of scooters to be seen on the roads is an indication of the growth of middle-class prosperity



By courtesy of Piaggio & Co., Milan

foot-tapping. It was a far remove from the hysterical, idol-worshipping fanaticism of English and American fans.

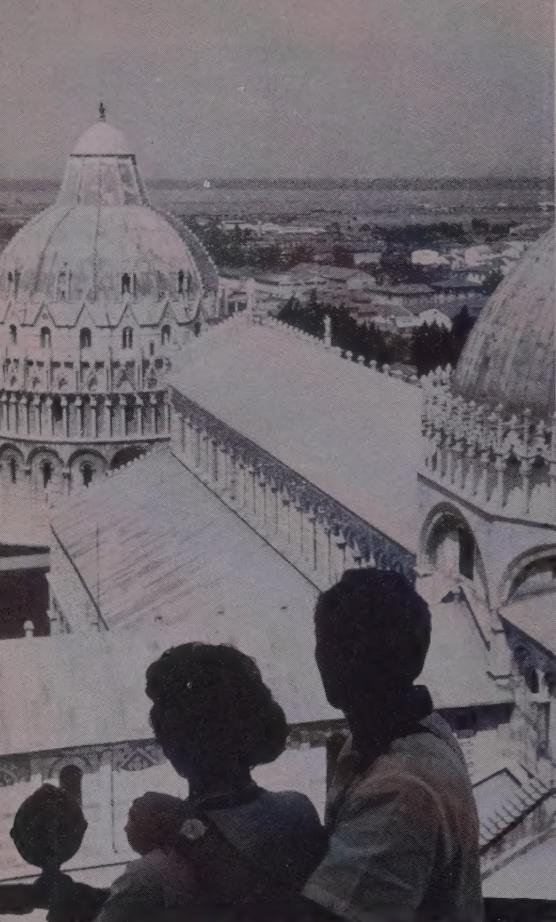
I asked a young couple why Rock 'n' Roll had not caught on in Italy. Perhaps Viareggio was not representative of the rest of the country?

"Jazz and cinema have little influence on our young people," the girl assured me. "On the whole they don't like Rock 'n' Roll. They certainly don't lose their senses when they go to see it as they do in England—tearing film stars' clothes and suchlike," she added, almost indignantly.

On the beach at Viareggio, sometimes called the Brighton of Italy, there seemed to be as many Germans as Italians. Their guttural tones rose above the rapid Italian of the boys playing football. The alliance

between Germany and Italy in the war was one of the most curious ever, since Italians have little love for the *Tedeschi*. But as one student said: "We Italians asked for the war because we reckoned Hitler would win and wanted to share in the spoils. He might have done if the Americans had not come in. But I don't like the Germans. Of all the European peoples they are the most different from us."

The reasons for Communist opposition to the Common Market, which might possibly lead to integration with the rest of Western Europe, are obvious enough. But the M.S.I.'s attack on the Christian Democrats for sponsoring Italy's participation in the Common Market has a different basis: nationalism. True to Fascist tradition they want a closed Italian nationalism, declaring, as before, that



(Left) *The white marble Cathedral, the Baptistry and the extraordinary Leaning Tower, from which this photograph was taken, form at Pisa one of the most beautiful architectural compositions in the world. As do other masterpieces of the Renaissance it serves to remind the young Italians of the great heritage of their country. It must remind them also, as it does any tourist who knows even the scantiest guide-book history, that not long ago Italy was but a series of city-states such as Pisa, often at war with one another. Many of her recent political trials have resulted from her short experience as a nation. In the North regional differences are being obliterated by the new industrial revolution. In the poverty-stricken South ancient ways die slowly, and can still lead to violence. Even in the North marked differences remain today between the Venetian, the Roman and the Milanese*

(Right) *One of the main sources of Italian unity is the Roman Catholic Church. It is at once the strongest enemy of Communism and the principal bond that unites the Neapolitans and the Genoese. The esteem in which the Church is still held was indicated by the high proportion of young people whom the author saw in the congregation at Mass in Pisa. Nevertheless there is also considerable hostility to the temporal power of the Church and its influence in politics. The Communists make great play, for purposes of propaganda, with the riches of the Church and the vast lands it owns; and some Socialists and Christian Democrats of the left have misgivings about the Church's role*



Italians are the best people in Europe and must not lose their personality in a greater European Community. In a town like Lucca one is very conscious of this conflict in modern Italy. The old walled city, with its ninety-nine churches, preserves almost intact much that was remarkable in Italian culture. There and in the greater cities of Venice and Florence, Italians who are so minded can find ample support for the neo-Fascist claim. But even in exquisite mediaeval Lucca, with its cobbled alleyways along which only klaxoning Lambrettas and Fiat 600s could make their way, I was surprised how many young people spoke English or French; how great an interest the inhabitants there and in other towns I visited showed in my country. I did not get the impression that the young were nationalistic, ever eager to point out the virtues of their remarkable past and thereby shelter themselves from the responsibilities of participation in the European experiment.

Pisa, like Lucca, seemed little changed by the industrialization of the North, though the huge railway-junctions outside the city provided evidence to the contrary. The ancient city is dominated by the Cathedral, the famous Leaning Tower and the Baptistry which, together, form one of the most perfect architectural compositions in Italy. It was Sunday morning at the time of High Mass. I was surprised at the stream of young Italians entering and leaving the church, for though Italy is officially 99 per cent Roman Catholic, the number of practising Catholics is probably only half that figure. The greatest defection is said to be amongst the left-wing youth, which resents the vast riches of the landowning church that makes such a contrast with the poverty of the peasant. Fascist youth is opposed anyway to clerical influence in politics. Nevertheless there does not seem to be any very serious decline in the standing of the Catholic Church among youth, especially in the middle classes, many of



Mussolini's achievements in modernizing the Italian system of communications are often cited to defend the Fascist era. The fine station at Florence, however, is a post-war building

whom have been educated in private schools run by religious teaching Orders. Such criticism as there is is aimed not so much at the fundamentals of the Catholic faith as at its temporal abuses.

In the hard wooden carriage from Pisa to Florence four out of the six Italians spoke English. One of them, a young officer, spoke it impeccably, emphasizing many of his statements with the remark: "It's incredible." I asked him how he came to speak such good English.

"Oh, I was an interpreter for American and British troops at the end of the war. Actually at that time I was only fourteen and all the English I knew was: 'I am an interpreter.' It was enough to get me hired, but they soon found me out. They kept me on

because I was learning so fast. Since then I have been to England."

He seemed to have little active interest in politics.

"I voted for different parties in the Senate and the Chamber. I supported the man I liked best in each case. Of course we are not allowed to discuss politics in the Army."

I found out that he was only doing his National Service and was a trained engineer.

"I feel National Service is a nuisance, but one has to do one's duty."

Next morning in Florence, at the Republic Day parade, some privates registered their disgust at National Service with choice English obscenities. Smart as the parade was, there was none of the militarism that distinguished the Fascist era, either in the troops marching past or the people watching them.

Among the crowd I spotted two Somali youths craning to get a good view of the officer-cadets marching by. I asked the elder

of the two what he was doing in Florence.

"We have both come over to study agriculture. We shall be here a year."

I had already heard good reports of Italian administration in Somaliland, and sought his confirmation.

"Oh yes, we shall be getting our self-government very soon. The Italians are helping us a lot."

This differed considerably from the attitude of Italian colonial peoples before the war in the days of Mussolini's African Empire.

The general Italian approach to the question of colonies has greatly changed since the war. As one Venetian told me: "I think that today it is impossible to make other people slaves of your own politics; I think it wrong to have colonies. Of course we Italians are only too willing to help colonial people if they ask us."

However, the neo-Fascists regret their colonies. A young man asserted: "If there had not been a war, we should still have our

These young national-servicemen, two of whom spoke some English, were taking part in a big military parade celebrating the Day of the Republic. They hardly resembled the militaristic youth of the Mussolini era, expressing, like their British counterparts, an amused contempt for things martial





Oblivious to the pink beauty of the Doge's Palace in Venice, a young Italian national-serviceman learns sadly that by no means every nice girl loves a sailor



Convention rules that weddings in Venice should end with the couple's leaving church by gondola. These modern newly-weds, however, have decided to leave the landing-stage by the Bridge of the Three Arches for the wedding reception in a motor-boat, complete with their respective families colonies."

One of their official aims is: "Foreign Policy must vindicate Italy's right to return to Africa so as to contribute to the progress and civilization of the Black Continent." Behind such statements lies the chronic problem of over-population. It is true that the colonies could never have seriously contributed to the alleviation of this problem; but, with Eritrea and Libya gone and the administration of Somaliland dedicated to the interests of the indigenous people, the possible outlets for Italians are smaller than ever. Many Italians still find their way to Latin America, the United States, Australia and Europe. Seasonal migration is high. Even so the annual average emigration rate is as low as 150,000 compared with an annual population-increase of 400,000 and unemployment figures near the 2,000,000 mark.

Emigration from the North is rapidly diminishing. Parts of the South are desperately poor, but north of Rome Italians are enjoying an increasingly high standard of living. This is evident in a hundred

different ways: the range of products for sale in the shops; the number of young men with their own Vespas or Lambrettas; the new buildings going up in every city.

What struck me most favourably in both Florence and Venice was the superb clothing of young people. The girls were nearly always dressed in the latest fashion, though to do this, I was told, they had to go without many meals. Young men, wandering around in groups, indulged their national narcissism in stylish suits and pointed shoes, yet another sign of Italy's new prosperity. This prosperity is the greatest bulwark of the Christian Democrats in their fight against Communism and Fascism. It is what was absent in the twenties when the Communists threatened to overthrow Italy and the Fascists seized power. But an economic recession might well lead to a return to pre-war political conditions, for the democratic ideal has not yet taken firm root among the Italian people, not even in the generation that has matured under the Christian Democrat regime and enjoyed its fruits.

Keynotes of Vienna

by WILLIAM SANSON

*In the year 1683 the second Turkish siege of Vienna was raised and the first Viennese coffee-house, a legacy of the besiegers, was established. On the 275th anniversary of these events Mr Sansom gives due place in his portrait of the city to the serving of coffee as a keynote of Vienna. His latest novel, *The Cautious Heart*, was published last month by the Hogarth Press*

"It is impossible to write about Vienna without espresso bars and the glint of new glass buildings." Impossible? Then let us try.

After an absence from Vienna of exactly twenty-one years, this writer came, or went, of age there again this June; and stood astounded that so much, with all the vicissitudes of a war, a severe loss of man-power, a revalued money and a Four-Power occupation, remains the same.

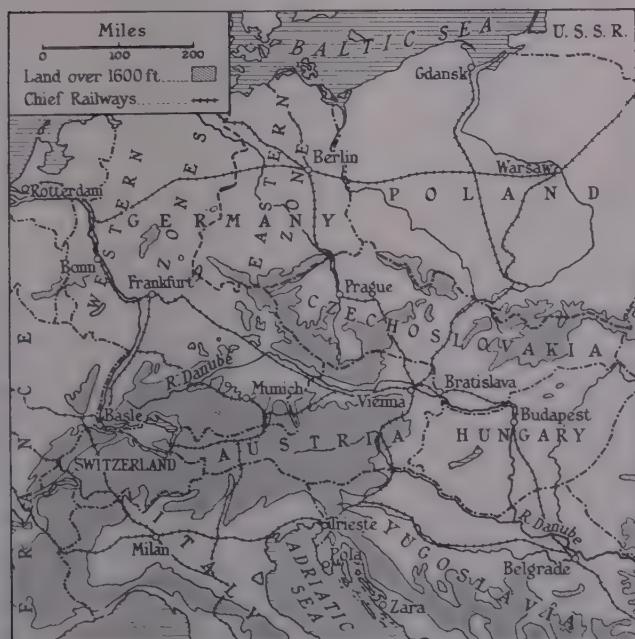
A second's reflection shrugged some of this astonishment away. Is there not every reason for Vienna to remain the same—when a quick glance at the map suggests that it should not still be there at all? An imperial city of such size and grandeur capitalizing a country the size of Ireland?

But a longer glance insists that Vienna still commands an important place on the trade-stream of the Danube, and among the

protective foothills of the Alps. And that not only do so many rail-arteries lead through Vienna, but also so many arteries of thought. On the one hand the mirage is built of heavy bricks and mortar and plaster and iron, and on the other it still leads the world in many of its products and attitudes. Huge relic of the vast Austro-Hungarian Empire, with its heavyweight buildings and great aesthetic wealth, it persists in persisting; and the fabric is crammed full of the living Viennese.

Crammed? Wrong. One of the immediate pleasures of this great city is that there is space to move about in, that its traffic problems are comparatively simple, that one may walk the pavements jostling neither elbow nor eye. It is a great pleasure to look along a street spattered with an invigoration of people, yet seldom crowded; and one may stand and talk on a main-street pavement for minutes on end. One may—but one does not, for the cafés and the coffee are ubiquitous and splendid.

At first feel—as one may be landed in the centre, somewhere near the Stephans-Dom and the Kärntner-Strasse—the city can seem weary, heavy, airless and leaden grey. Here the buildings are high and enclosing; and the prevalent dark grey could well do with a lick of paint. But stroll on, and one suddenly sees that beneath so drab a patina lie the lines of a superb baroque palace, or of an arch with a fine white rococo ceiling leading to a manorial courtyard; that the narrow *Gasse* abruptly develops into a small square with a green-domed church; and that then suddenly the whole place opens out onto wide boulevards lined with not two but often six rows of limes and planes and maples, boulevards flanked by parks and gardens studded with the



A. J. Thornton



Four photographs by courtesy of the Austrian State Tourist Department



(Above) Part of the broad tree-shaded Ring which encircles the hub of Vienna like an esplanade—weighted by the heavy exuberance of 19th-century government-buildings, lightened by cafés and parks and the evening crowds. Within the Ring the streets are narrow and intimate, like (left) the Kohlmarkt and its smart shops, leading to the buff baroque walls of the Michaeler-Trakt with its imperial gilded and green dome (as late as 1893, but built to an altered design of J. E. Fischer von Erlach, son of the greater architect). (Opposite, top) The beloved State Opera which stands at a key point on the Ring. Burned during the war, it has now been reconstructed with a particularly magnificent interior of white, gold and red. (Opposite, bottom) The vast Karl Marx Hof workers' flats, massive symbol of Vienna's attitude to cheap housing in the 1920s, a policy that steadily continues





A. F. Kersting

The Karls-Kirche, built by the two Fischer von Erlachs between 1716 and 1737. The dome is green, the stone grey; and the design is said to have been suggested by the sight of the Trajan Column in Rome in perspective with the dome of St Peter's. The church, with its gilded imperial eagles (ubiquitous in Vienna) playing the pigeon on the column-tops, dominates its own gardened square

largest concatenation of imperious, imperial buildings in Europe. We are on the Ring.

The Ring, together with the Danube Canal quay, circles the old closed Vienna. In the sixties the well-tried fortified walls were pulled down: well tried by besieging Turks, but also by the later love of the Viennese strolling out the Biedermeier evening. However, in the mid-19th century the city was expanding greatly and in any case without such high

road-blocks cavalry could police the place the better—and the more so after the 1848 uprising. Much of the earlier glacis now remains in the parks and gardens and caused the very breadth of what is one of the most remarkably spacious of capital boulevards. Red-and-white trams (*not* to be discontinued) jolly along in the limy shade. What is known as "Ring" architecture—what we would call Victorian romantic architecture—comprises a pair of

giant mixed-Italianate museums, a neo-Greek Parliament House, an enormous dark lacy Gothic City Hall, the wedding-cake Burg Theatre and much else; and always the huge *fin-de-siècle* eagle-surmounted wing of the Royal Palace (Hofburg) protruding from the already vast main body of the Palace behind. Great size is paramount. It is bewildering. But it does not dwarf. For the boulevards are spacious and the gardens multiply around. Twenty-one years ago, in the middle of a night, I drove a horse-cab round the Ring, with the driver smoking a long wine-soaked cheroot inside. Today, mightily fallen into middle-age, I walked it . . . and spent the evening with my feet in a bath of cold water. The distances, the grandeurs are great.

Red - and - white trams, rose - and - white

striped pedestrian-crossings and endless mirrored furlongs of crimson-and-white and gilded rooms in the late Emperors' palaces: red and white and gold were favoured imperial colours (though the Standard was black and yellow); red and white make up the present Austrian flag, and altogether its mark on the eye against green of trees and grey of plaster is considerable. But then one sees an old burgher's house painted the hard golden yellow of Schönbrunn Palace—"Schönbrunn yellow" it is called—and occasionally, as with the Michaeler-Trakt, or the lovely white National Library, stone or plaster that has been cleaned and stands fresh. Beer- and wine-houses are painted green, the post-boxes are yellow, the police have dark-green uniforms, the postmen stride about

A white Lipizzaner stallion executing the Ballotade in Vienna's Winter Riding School, with Colonel Alois Podhajsky, chief of the famous Spanish Riding School, at the reins. The immense and elegant baroque hall, part of the Royal Palace buildings, has witnessed much historic ceremonial. Exercises of the haute école are practised every morning; public performances are held once a week

Paul Popper



bright blue and orange, and gradually as these and the roses and the cream-cake-filled shop-windows catch the eye, the city assumes its particular colour-pattern.

Whiffs of incense, hot plaster and Egyptian-smelling cigarettes seem to be the prevalent smells. Coffee, whipped cream, hockish white wine, paprika and, curiously, boiled beef (*Beinfleisch*) are some of the tastes. (The *Schnitzel* hardly tastes of anything, unless it is a *Kaiserschnitzel* larded with ham and *Emmentaler* cheese.) Mix into such colours and smells the rumble of motor-traffic and the grinding of trams and the sound of the piece of music great or small that you last heard in this most shallow and profound of musical cities; add the omnipresence of glittering gaswork-heavy baroque *Prunk*; place these impressions against miles and miles of pavement and caryatid-encrusted 19th-century building, and sprinkle with the sense that although few people are rich there is a feeling somewhere of ease in many pockets—at least wine and beer and black coffee are cheap—and you will begin to feel some of the quality of this monstrously pleasant mirage. *Prunk* is a nice word, used for a show-room in a palace: “pride” and “hunk” combine in our ear to give a phonetically exact description of baroque.

And this mirage-Vienna still leads the world in a number of quite perceptible matters. In music, orchestral and operatic; in *haute-école* riding, with the celebrated Spanish Riding School; in the hanging of pictures, with the new light-absorbent grey walls of the Historical Art Museum, where Breughels and all the great Netherlands paintings are seen so clearly under a specially diffused top-light; and in other lesser and simpler matters like the serving of coffee and, via Hungarian craftsmen, the making of boots. The serving of coffee—because in any of the large cafés, among red or green or coffee-coloured damask walls and beneath a brilliant chandelier the size of a small cow, among polished woods and plush and good brass fitments, you may order for your little marble table *Kaffee mit Schlag* (milk-coffee with whipped cream), or an *Einspänner* (black coffee in a glass with whipped cream), or three or four varieties of black coffee, or a *Melange* (half coffee, half milk), or two other kinds of milked coffee called *Teeschale*, either “gold” or “light”, or a *Kapuziner* with more coffee than milk, or an *Eiskaffee*, which is usually cold black coffee with a vanilla ice-cream and whipped cream and on the side a special kind of sugar fine as white dust called *Staubzucker* as a final discrimination. All this for a shilling or two; while several glasses of fine clear mountain-spring water and all the current newspapers and illustrated magazines are brought to you without your asking, following a gracious old convention whose purpose was to assert: “You do not have to order anything else. Please be at home here in this café.”

And I mention the making of boots, because in Vienna a man can still go tattered into the fashionable centre called *Graben* and emerge as fastidiously dressed as anywhere in the world. And his lady will do equally well. These small excellencies are pointed only to emphasize that the greater achievements, like the rebuilding of the beloved Opera and the *Stephans-Dom*, are not fountains in the sand but summits of the rock of fine taste: rock sometimes a little sweet, a little pepperminty to our



A. J. Thornton



Kodachrome

August Kresser

At Demel's, most famous of the old-fashioned Viennese pastry-shops. Fine brass fittings, polished dark woods, gilded mirrors and marble tables conserve an elegance from the days when Demel's served the then nearby Royal Theatre with fabulous confections and Austrian Imperial statesmen with coffee

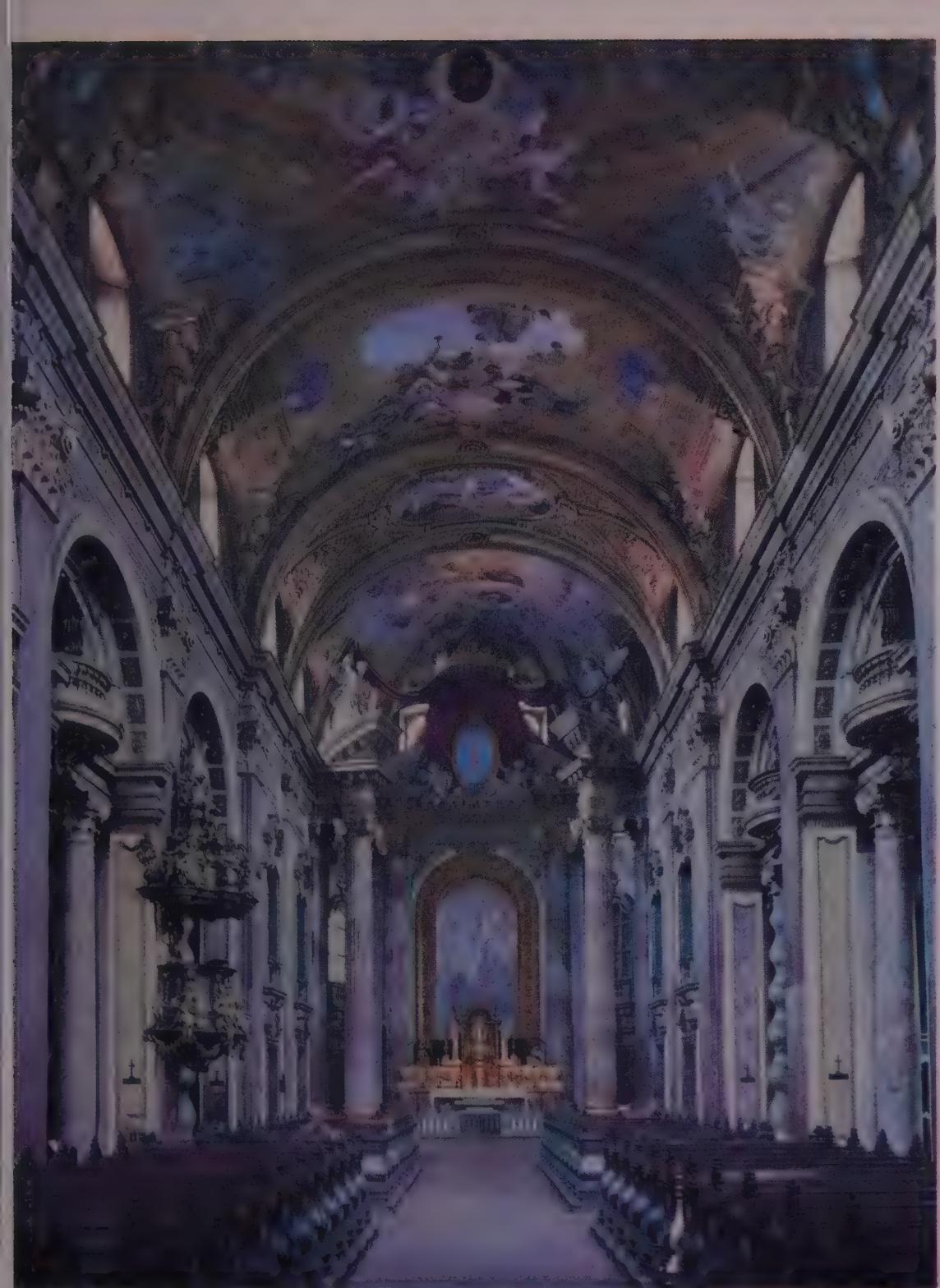
(Opposite) *The Universitäts-Kirche (University Church of St Mary) dating from 1631 but with renovations in sumptuous baroque by Pozzo in 1705. The effect of baroque on this scale is a magical combination of great weight and aerial lightness, of the ponderous that yet easily moves—not only the gilded putti but even broken pediments and curved capitals seem imminent with flight, as if an angelic eruption were pulling Earth skywards to Heaven. Such are the elevating sensations of so richly chaotic an order. Vienna abounds in work of similar magnificence, and a half-hour's stroll through the city will reveal a dozen comparable churches and palatial mansions*

'Below) *The parade of the Students' Corps—a part of the procession on Corpus Christi Day. Swords are still carried, but duelling is rare. Membership of such a corps remains a sentimental and sometimes powerfully influential affiliation for life. These uniforms are but one item in a large display of religious and civic splendour that passes from the cathedral (Stephans-Dom) through the streets of Vienna, pausing at altars erected on the way, as here in the Michaeler-Platz*

August Kiesewetter

Kodachron







August Kresswetter

Ektar 100

Late afternoon in one of the "Heurigen", beer- or wine-gardens, that climb among the hills of the northern Viennese suburbs. The party will not be sitting quite so staidly for long—the new wine from a local vineyard is strong, the schrammel music mellows the Viennese heart, there will be the smoke of cigars and the obfuscation of laughter . . . perhaps until dawn. Not more than a twenty-minute tram-ride from the centre, in a tree-shaded garden clear above the city's heat, in the rustic direction of the Vienna Woods, it is the popular green escape

more austere eyes, but nevertheless of a texture most solid.

Such fine taste has its historical reasons. Vienna is often criticized as living in a state of illusion, as living in the past: the bookshops, they say, are too filled with double-eagled romance and the waltz is really over. I very much wonder. The waltz still echoes from every second car-radio and in half the theatres and wine-houses; and is it at all reasonable ever to suppose a people should forget the past—particularly since the ostrichy human pain-hating habit is to remember mostly the pleasurable? Apply the test to England, France or Everyman's youth: all preserve in memory the best. It can be overdone and become a malady. But with Vienna? With a constructive people who built in the twenties the Karl Marx Hof workers' settlement—nearly a mile long, to house 5000 people in two-room flats with free steam-laundry for (today) 120 sch. a month—and have since continued similar projects on a very large scale; with a Ministry of Fine Arts which renovates museum-palaces not with *ersatz* gold paint but blinding thick pure gold-leaf; and so on? The Viennese may rightly be called soft and pleasure-loving; but so are the Italians, who turn out also to be great engineers. There is, and not only by chance, a persistent echo of Italy on the Viennese air: the smaller grocery shop-windows have a crammed helter-skelter Italian look, and words like Trieste often pop up on the older buildings to remind one how near, how far the Adriatic is. "Admiral Count Montecuccoli has ordered the dreadnought *Szent Istvan* from Pola to Zara"—an Austrian battleship with a Hungarian name called from an Istrian port to a Dalmatian position by an admiral with an Italian name . . . it is all not so long ago.

The internationality of the old Empire is still much reflected in contemporary Vienna, which too many minds lazily connote with *Lederhosen* and the Tyrol. If you stand on the Kahlenberg height, that convenient and pleasantly wooded foothill of the Alps about fifteen minutes above the centre of the city, you may first look down at the domes of the capital and then turn an eye on hills where Czechoslovakia is only thirty miles and Hungary forty miles away. Once there was even a tram from Vienna to Bratislava (Pressburg or Pozsony). And today, within a small area in the Inner City one may take a glass of *Badaczon* at Pataky's (Hungarian) Restaurant, stroll to the Bucharest for a slice of pickled *Crap* (carp, in Rumanian), dine off

a *Schaschlik* on a wooden platter in Jadran's (Serbo-Croat), amble to the Grotto Azzura for Turkish coffee and an Italian *strega*.

This imperial mixture of races stares from the eyes and skins of all who pass—one moment a cold grey Teuton glare, the next a Dalmatian swarthiness, the next a face built almost entirely of Slav checkbones: if one could descry it, there would be traces of about a dozen strains within the bounds of the old Empire. Now for better or for worse all these ingredients of a troubled and rusty Empire have become "true" Viennese, taking their place from the dock-level of the Danube to the almost comic row of monocles that still today stares out from beneath the awning of the late Frau Sacher's rightly celebrated, well-damasked restaurant.

And what do these "true" Viennese do and see? Heaven exactly knows. But what the alien touring eye sees are things like the prevalence of a written-up word, BONBONS; black-bombazined waitresses everywhere in skittish little old-fashioned black boots; occasional flower-sellers drifting in and out of the restaurants and wine-houses; big stove-pipes zigzagging like fat pythons into a hole in the ceiling of each aspidistra wine-house; gilded imperial eagles leading a giant pigeon-life against the sky everywhere, particularly on the column-capitals of the Karls-Kirche. And, among the sonorous flash of great gilded suns and soaring *putti* and giant spiral marble columns in any of the numerous baroque churches, such even more astounding marvels as a draped curtain thirty or forty feet high made of thick-painted plaster yet so finely designed that each fold and tassel seems ready to rustle at the swing of a censer, the breath of a cassock; and the sadly lovely plangeing of a cymbalon struck by a red-coated *Tzigane* on the syringa-scented terrace of Hübner's Kursalon in the Stadt-Park, while across the grass a bronze Johann Strauss silently fiddles to a marble wreath of naiads; and the astonishing large quantity of zebras in the Schönbrunn Zoo; the cigar-coloured uniforms of the attendants at the wonderfully restored Opera; the incidence here and there of a mountain-mad wine-room massed with horns and boars' teeth and stuffed blackcock; and such a richness of museums that, apart from those of international renown, the list seems to dwindle on for ever, with the Clock Museum, the Wine Museum, the Teutonic Knights' Museum, etc.; and the café-bred love of reading papers, even extending to a magazine hanging on a hook in the trams; and the sad true tale of

Beethoven's many, many dwelling-places in Vienna—he was so deaf, poor great fellow, that he had to thump his piano too loudly for the neighbours and had constantly to move; and the *art-nouveau* motifs struggling among Franz-Josef baroque in the plaster-work in the delightful metropolitan railway (half underground, half winding through cuttings as mossy and granite as a Carinthian mountain-pass); and then there is that whole part and manner of the city devoted to rusticity—the "Heurigen" suburbs and the Vienna Woods.

In June the hilly Vienna Woods, mostly oak and beech, show groves of flowering white acacia. Indeed, it is a month for white flowers and green, for the suburbs and parks are rich with acacia, syringa and, above all, flowering elder and cow-parsley. "Cow-parsley time in Vienna!" one might joyfully cry, as the Wiener Gaswerke wind orchestra in inspector-blue uniforms strikes up the excitation of *Wien Bleibt Wien*. The sward of the Wienerwald is richly speckled with blue and pink wild flowers, so that the green has the appearance of those many transatlantic shot-silk suits that irradiate Piccadilly during the touristical summer. And we descend from the woods into the wine-growing suburbs of

Sievering or Nussdorf or Grinzing or Heiligenstadt. Here, as the tram winds through streets of plaster houses, there appears at the end of a side-street a conical hill baized with green vines—as other cities might show a sudden grey slag-heap. And these cones of green slag grow the grape for the new wine that is served in the many establishments called "Heurigen", rustic wine-gardens with trees and music and rough wood tables where in this fresher air the Viennese drink and sing, cheaply and well, until perhaps the dawn. In its *gemütlich* way, idyllic.

And another idyll peculiar to Vienna is the sudden sight, through an arch of the Hofburg, of a well-curried stallion being led by a horseman of equally superior *dressage* in chocolate-and-white livery and a black bicorn hat. It will be one of the white horses bred at Lipizza near the Adriatic for the Spanish Riding School. Follow him into the building known as the Winter Riding School and you will enter one of the finest baroque extravagances in the world—this enormous riding hall, pillared and exquisitely plastered, rich with chandeliers and plush balconies, whose echoing air whispers daily with the nearly silent trot of horses that glide like white

The Upper Belvedere Palace, built for Prince Eugen of Savoy by Johann Lukas von Hildebrandt in 1722. It stands above formal gardens that descend gradually into the city itself and now houses the state collections of 18th-, 19th- and 20th-century art, among marble halls and giant caryatids

ust Kiesswetter



ghosts, not seeming to touch the earth. *Courbette*, *Levade*, *Ballotade*, *Capriole* and other figures of the *haute école* are practised: one moment one may see a horse with his rider on white reins dragging behind, feet together in the sand, as on a surf-board; at another, the horse is poised with front legs curved in the air, an exact equestrian statue. Oddly, these white horses are born black.

Cities are palimpsest: the writing on Vienna may loom stronger in historical thoughts of King John Sobieski of Poland and Prince Eugen of Savoy raising the Turkish siege of 1683 (a large park is still called *Türkenschanz*—Turkish Redoubt—and this last effort of the Faithful resulted of course in the first cup of coffee for Europe when they left their beans behind them); or of the Congress period when the Russian Tsar claimed to have danced through forty conferential nights, thus paving the way for Vienna's former Apollo Palace Dancing Establishment with room for *six thousand* waltzers; or one may lose oneself in the whorled writing of the baroque dream, or the writing of fine music, or this and that other interpretation of so rich a palimpsest. For me, the most emotive message has to do with uniforms. The connection of Vienna with gay hussar uniforms is cliché: in fact the crack regiment that changed guard at the Hofburg was the Deutschmeister Infantry Regiment No. 4—dark-blue coats, sky-blue trousers, shakos. But there were hussars too—the Hungarian Life-Guard wore scarlet from head to foot, frogged with silver, and lemon-yellow boots and a whole skin of a leopard-cub swung round as a dolman; and there were Bosnian fezzes and white-coated, blue-coated infantry and the chocolate-coated artillery and border regiments; and lancers with *chapkas* and helmeted cuirassiers; and the white-cloaked First Arcieren-Leibgarde, the Savoy dragoons in green and various mountain and rifle regiments wearing green cock-feathers aloft; and the generals in gala dress of Cambridge-blue jackets. All these



By courtesy of the Austrian State Tourist Department

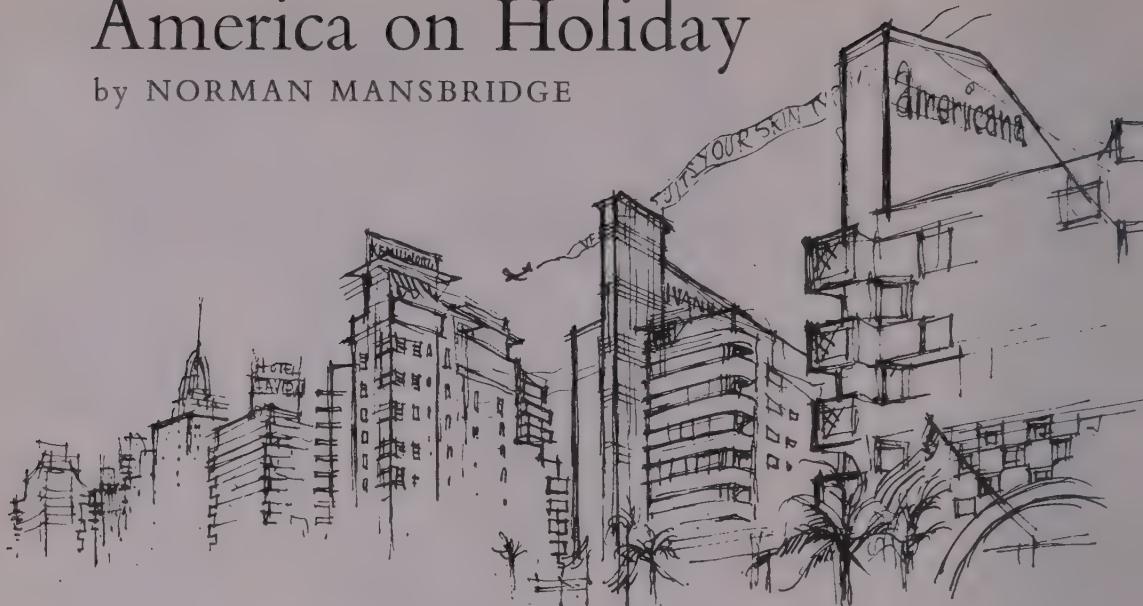
The Johann Strauss Memorial in the Stadt-Park. Bronzed among marble beauties, he is usually well within earshot of café orchestras that on the syringa-scented night still play the music he wrote when Vienna was first betrothed to the waltz

might once have been seen strolling the Vienna streets together. They are still to be seen, in glass cases, for hall after hall in the Arsenal Museum. Uniform after uniform one passes, the richness seems endless. But it does end. Suddenly the museum bellies out into a different kind of room containing one prone uniform and a large open green motor-car. The uniform is the torn and stained dress which the Archduke Franz Ferdinand wore on June 28, 1914, at the summer manoeuvres at Sarajevo, when he was murdered by chance outside Levi and Co.'s trading establishment. The car, with its huge acetylene lamps and green leather padding, its brass trimmings and its yellow-wood near-naautical steering-wheel, is a Gräf und Stift Double-Phaeton *Karrosserie*. Its unlucky number is A 111-118.

After that, all the halls are grey.

America on Holiday

by NORMAN MANSBRIDGE



(Above) *Miami Beach: "more hotels than the human eye can contemplate" . . .*

Mr Mansbridge, the well-known Punch artist, has the enviable gift of revealing character in a line. His observation of Americans on Holiday is particularly interesting to British readers because he has seen and caught the small but significant differences which, for the transatlantic visitor to either country, can lend excitement to the exploration of the most frequented resort

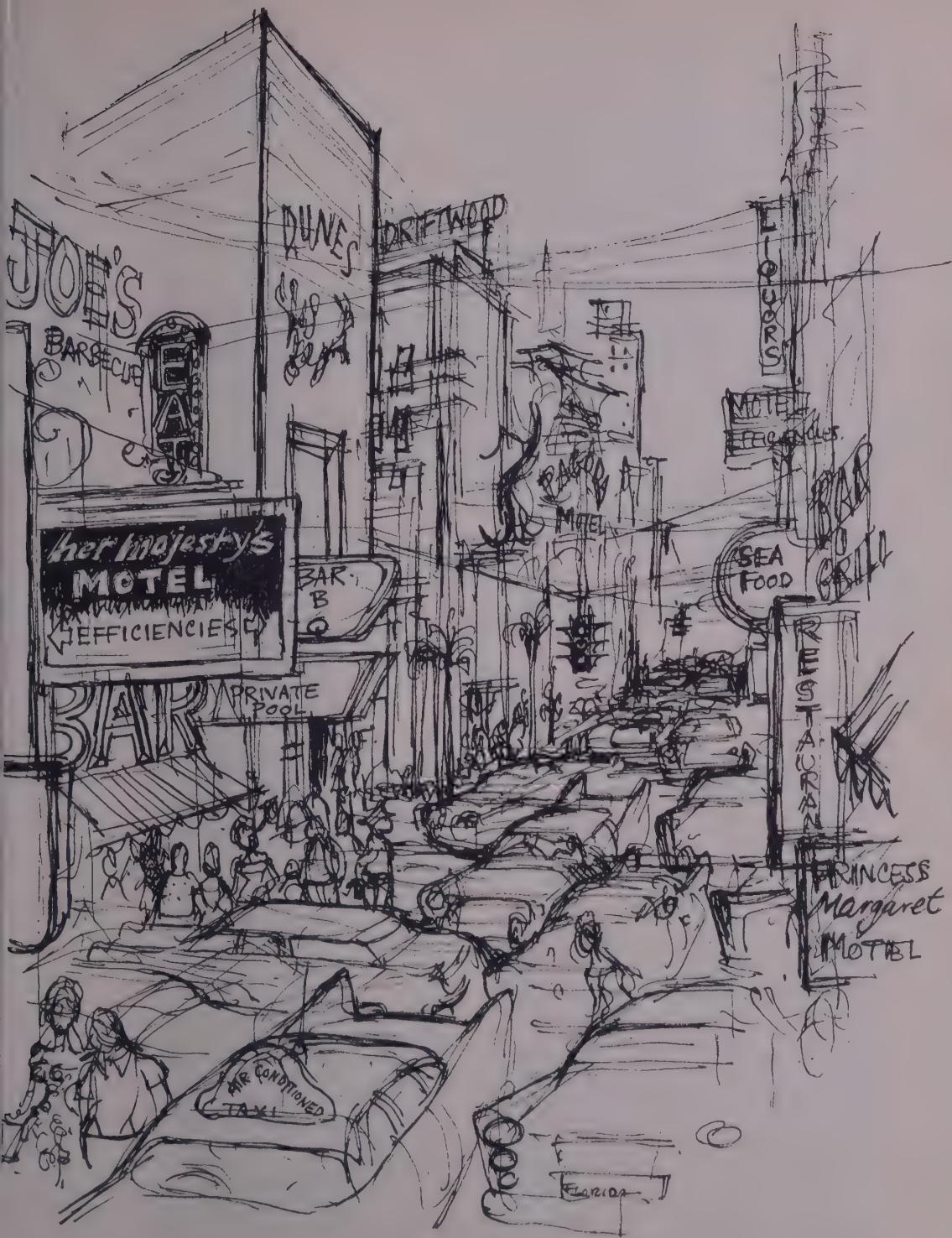
MIAMI BEACH is a place where man has built so many hotels, motels and other places for lodging the American on Holiday that there is very little Beach left. There are more hotels than the human eye can contemplate; they are apparently unending, from the latest and most opulent, way down (and it's an awful long way down) to the less expensive motels at the other end of the Beach. But once having got over the slight shock of seeing more hotels in one place than he's ever seen in his life, the Englishman begins to feel at home. On account of his island birthplace he is, perhaps, more familiar with seaside places than the continental American, and the feeling of awe disappears on noticing the names of the hotels: "Ivanhoe", "Seaview", "Kenilworth", "Beau Rivage", "Belle Vue" and so on. The language is the same. It is the language of seaside hotel-keepers everywhere. Only beach and sea remain elusive to the eye, to spoil the feeling of homely familiarity.

Of course, if you stay in one of the hotels—and you can take your choice from the opulent "Eden Roc" to the more conservative "Sea View" down to one of the innumerable

motels with "Efficiencies"—you will get a sight of the Atlantic Ocean at the back of it. But don't expect a vast stretch of beach. The inconveniences of oil deposit, sand, jelly-fish and sharks will have been erased by the introduction of a swimming pool built into a properly constructed terrace with Alfresco Bar and Beach Shop. All but a tiny strip of beach over the terrace wall has been won from Nature.

Only fools and Englishmen bathe over the wall.

The motels follow the same pattern as the hotels—closely packed, side by side, and of every sort. It is difficult to discern the dividing line between an "hotel" and a "motel". Some of the motels are, like Hollywood film-sets, gigantic, colossal!—vying with each other for grandeur and boasting such names as "Abyssinia" and "Pagoda". They are cheaper than the hotels and there is more self-service. And the smaller and cheaper ones look like our own boarding-houses. The smaller the motel, the grander the name. For a really cheap lodging look for names like "Her Majesty's", "Princess



... and motels, "closely packed, side by side, and of every sort"

*The American National Bank,
Miami City:
negotiating a loan . . .*



Margaret" or "The Royal". All motels advertise "Efficiencies", which means that you can rent a room with your own cooking facilities.

But over and above this fabulous scene—try and get used to the word "fabulous"—remains the one persistent and basic need: dollars. For this purpose a trip to be recommended (not mentioned in the guide-books) is a taxi-ride across the water to the edge of Miami City where there stands a charming little building, the American National Bank. Here we find a pleasant replica of an Early Southern American Home standing on trim, sunbathed lawns and undisturbed by the rude jostling proximity of commerce-ridden hotels, restaurants and bars. It stands dignified and alone. But don't be fobbed off by the handy drive-in windows tactfully camouflaged behind the citrus-trees; the mid-morning banking-session within is a social event not to be missed.

Once inside the door it becomes plain that this is no ordinary bank. Everywhere there

are replicas of coaching-lamps and horse-brasses, antique chairs and tables and old books—but with handy adding-machines casually placed here and there for the customers' convenience. The curtains and wallpapers are splendid with their American Eagle motif set against the 18th-century windows. The manager is very proud of his bank and is happy to have the merry morning crowd sitting and standing, moving about, chatting, writing cheques, raising loans (American banks seem to love giving loans) and drinking coffee. Yes, the customers and bank staff are all drinking coffee and eating doughnuts passed round by courteous serving-women and all 'on the house'. But this isn't

everything. Swelling, melodious tones permeate the whole scene as the organist—over there, just by the manager's desk—sways rhythmically but discreetly as he swings *Melancholy Baby*. There are roses (artificial) on the organ console which is carved and decorated rather in the style one finds in Episcopalian churches. There are, in fact, roses everywhere . . . Recognizing one of the organist's numbers as an old jazz song with the words:

My baby don't care for rings
And other expensive things . . .

I asked the manager whether he arranged the musical titles with a view to influencing the customers, psychologically, towards good banking and thrift. This was taken as a slight criticism, as if the Achilles' heel of a banking masterpiece had been uncovered. He said "No. Indeed the organist plays customers' request numbers, but I will certainly think on the psychological angle."

The wheel-back chairs are occupied by a number of elderly ladies and a few men.

... while the organist
swings it softly:
"Moonlight and roses . . ."

Lonely pensioners, they always choose this hour to call at the bank. For them it is a heaven-sent moment of sociability and gossip in their quiet lives. Children run about freely and they, too, are not overlooked. Bubble-gum slot-machines are provided. You can also weigh yourself, and another machine gives you three 3-cent stamps in a sanitary wrapper for a dime. (Naturally a small profit must be made somewhere.) Young husbands with their brides sit informally in luxurious leather-covered chairs, telling their troubles to sympathetic members of the bank staff, some of them wise-looking women capable of inspiring confidence and respect as they sit at beautiful desks with heavy Early American-style table-lamps and more roses. Nearby stands a fine old grandfather clock. A bank guard, mingling with the customers and uniformed, rather formidably, like a policeman, is the only stern reminder of the reality of the business in hand. Going out I stopped at a little corner table. This was a gem of a museum set—concave mirror on the wall, reproduction chair, table-lamp and leather-bound book and ornamental book-ends. Curious to see how they managed the finer details, I glanced at the book title—*The Angelic Avengers* by Pierre Andrezel. The heading of Chapter I may have been vaguely apt for customers on overdraft: "Rose-Strewn Rocks and Thorny Paths . . ."

As I left, armed police on motor-cycles equipped with radio were sounding warnings of a dangerous bank-robber in the vicinity, while the organist was softly swinging:

Moonlight and roses
Bring wonderful mem'ries of you . . .
But Miami offers more serious pleasures for



the American on holiday, both instructive and entertaining. Two-to-one you'll see him making straight from the bank for a two-and-a-half-hour Residential Islands cruise around Millionaires' Row before you can say "Bring your camera". Miami is very proud of her Millionaires' Row—the man-made islands inhabited by America's privileged ones—and the American holidaymaker is very proud of his millionaires. Privilege bought with money appears to arouse no feelings of envy in the American. Only admiration and awe.

Taking his seat in the motor-cruiser he sits relaxed and with an air of happy and respectful anticipation of "A cruise on calm inland waters with rest room and refreshments (non-alcoholic) aboard, a plexiglass enclosure during inclement weather and an expert and entertaining guide." Coincident with casting off and the starting of the engines is the commencement of the guide's address to the passengers. For this purpose he avails himself of a hand-microphone and amplifier so that none shall miss a word. The islands appear to



Miami: the Residential Islands cruise around Millionaires' Row . . .

glide past the windows of the boat. One by one pleasant and unostentatious waterside houses come into view with their accompanying expensive-looking cabin-cruisers at the garden's edge, reminding one of a trip along the smarter residential portions of the Thames except that the houses are all modern. The guide gives his respectfully silent audience fascinating and mysterious details such as ". . . everything in this house is worked by electricity—even the Venetian blinds . . ." But it very soon becomes clear that the American on holiday is primarily interested in one particular kind of information: the worth of everything in terms of dollars. If the Englishman on holiday loves a lord and his stately home, his American counterpart loves a self-made man and his expensive one. The

guide's voice through the amplifier begins to sound more and more like a minute-by-minute account of a fluid situation on the stock-market, as the islands roll by. ". . . This house changed hands recently for \$41,000 . . . the yacht over there cost him \$90,000 . . . the late Al Jolson's estate—worth \$2500 per foot for building-lots . . . this is the home of the owner of the Schick Razor company . . . home of Mr Woolworth . . . he paid \$60,000 . . ." and so on. But the pleasure-boat passengers manifest no ugly sounds of resentment or envy—only silent pride, admiration and pleasure.

Undoubtedly America loves an American millionaire.

But when all the excitement of such a high spot of the vacation dies down and it draws



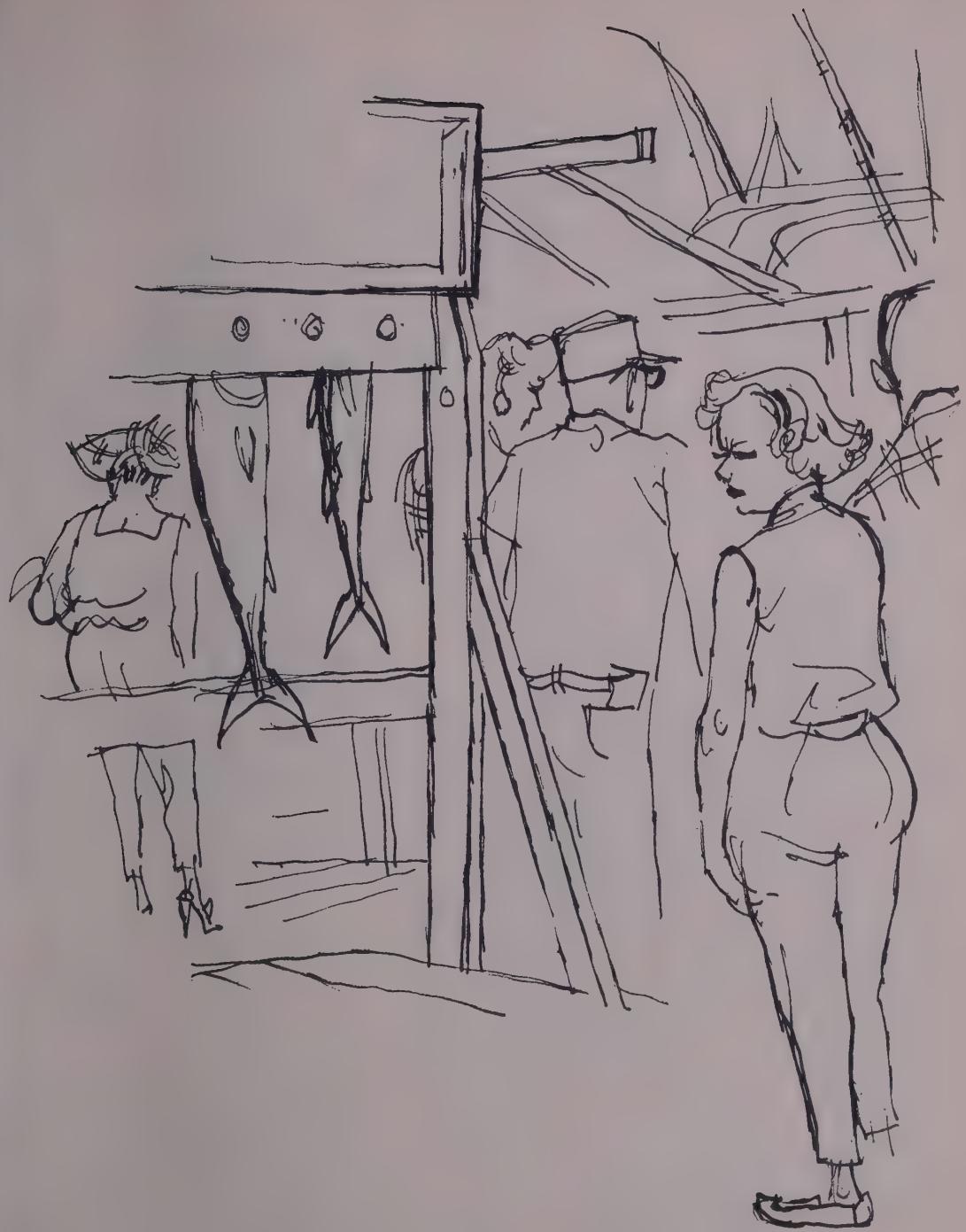
... to see the estates of self-made men "worth \$2500 per foot for building-lots"

towards evening, the American on holiday makes tracks for Pier 5, ostensibly to watch the fish being landed from the charter-boats. Amateur deep-sea fishermen who charter the boats (or hire a place and a rod) usually give their catch to the owner who cuts it up and sells it by the pound at the pier-head. Unless, of course, the holidaymaker catches a sailfish, in which case he would undoubtedly take it to Mr Al Pflueger, the taxidermist, who has an office right there on the pier. The sailfish, properly set up, will be taken home and hung above the fireplace to impress the neighbours in New Jersey. And another thing to be said for a stroll along Pier 5 is that it doesn't necessarily cost much in the way of dollars. All that is necessary is for the visitor to turn a deaf ear and a blind

eye to everything situated just past the turnstile and march resolutely on to the end of the pier, disregarding the pleas of Momma and the Moppets. Because here, as in all seaside places, there exist snares in the form of lollipops, ice-cream, peanuts, popcorn, picture-postcards and every sort of beach toy. Momma will want her picture done in crayon by the artist who guarantees to do a flattering likeness in three minutes for a dollar and the Moppets will want replicas of Old Glory to stick on top of their sand-castles. Piles of seaside buckets and spades in fact give the Englishman the nostalgia for home once more until he notices that the little bunches of toy flags are indeed Old Glory and not the Union Jack—not a surprising circumstance, all things considered.



(Above) Pier 5, Miami : deep-sea fishing boats for rent by amateur fishermen. (Left) Holiday-makers watching the catch being landed, to be sold, set up by the taxidermist on the spot or else (opposite) displayed for a photographic record to be made, as proof to the folks back home that it didn't get away







(Opposite) *The Seaquarium, Miami : the Main Tank where huge sea-monsters glide past the noses of the spectators, to the amplified strains of Sousa or Chopin.*
(Above) *At the Seashow Arena there are penguins playing ball, performing seals or (right) porpoises jumping through hoops*



Dade County Art Museum . . . muted strains of Gounod's "Ave Maria"

Then other subtle differences reveal themselves. The beach shop offers souvenir items such as shark's teeth, palm ash-trays and plastic, life-sized pink flamingoes. Or, if the Moppets really *have* got Poppa by the sleeve he's got a problem to last him the rest of the vacation—how to house, in a motel-room, a live baby alligator costing the ridiculous sum of twenty-five cents!

Pier 5 has a charm all of its own. Pier 5 was there on Miami Beach long before the hotels and motels. It was there before piped music, air-conditioning and Cadillacs and has survived such disasters as the Great Hurricane and the final end of legal gambling with the closure of Brook's Club. It's nice to stroll along Pier 5 and watch the fish being landed, and no doubt a good many generations of Americans on holiday have found it so. As an Englishman I find it so too—even though I am admonished about dropping litter ("Don't be a litterbug—keep Miami clean") and debarred by local yacht-property legislation from "the open public drinking of alcoholic beverages".

But the searcher for real thrills will find a visit to the Seaquarium most rewarding. Here noise is paramount. A giant, amplified voice will greet and direct him at the gate, and its high-volume sound will instruct him most audibly wherever he goes in the grounds. Directed to the Main Tank where massive fish glide like huge submarines past the thick glass windows and within inches of his nose, even more sound will become noticeable in the amplified strains of an orchestra playing dramatic music—Sousa, Chopin, Wagner—to tone with the ideal of those who maintain this "multi-million-dollar man-made ocean". A diver, bubbles rising from his heavy gear, walks in the midst of the huge sea-monsters, feeding them from a basket. The giant voice tells us that "upwards of 2,000,000 gallons of sea-water are required to maintain the aquatic residents of the various exhibits. A constant current of filtered sea-water flows through a huge water-treatment plant at the rate of 6000 gallons per minute; a capacity for a city of 80,000 people."

Camera-enthusiasts will linger at the smaller tanks where a press-button gives the required lighting and a little notice tells them the correct exposure. Others make happily for the Seashow Arena and squeal with delight at trained penguins catching balls, sea-lions doing balancing tricks and porpoises leaping out of the water to ring a bell and jump through a paper hoop. Pressing a button at the sea-cow pool produces another

amplified voice saying "Hi folks! I'm Bessie the sea-cow. They used to hunt me for my hide but now I'm happy and my mixture of salt- and fresh-water is being changed all the time. See you later alligator."

The sight of huge sharks swimming freely in the channel which runs through the grounds is alarming. The notice saying "Do not climb on the rail" seems superfluous.

No less than the Englishman, the American on holiday loves to see a stately home, and Vizcaya—Dade County Art Museum—plays that part for the Miami visitor. One has difficulty at first in believing that this is not British National Trust but an American Folly built in 1916 by the late James Deering (the Tractor King) and "embellished with many antique architectural features and decorations brought from Europe". Once past the group of holidaymakers in gaily coloured shirts who reverently point cameras at the antiquity in the entrance hall—"the Oldest Bath Tub in the World", says the keeper, "brought from the ruins of Pompeii"—the Great Renaissance Hall is the best bet if you're short of time. The American on holiday walks through this room speaking in a whisper, as if he has found himself in precincts older than time. There is a tapestry woven for Duke Ercole II of Ferrara and a chandelier from a Spanish cathedral. Elderly, culture-loving visitors scan the guide-book eagerly, anxious to miss no detail of the room. An organ, the musician's seat vacant, stands between ornamental pillars, its pipes concealed behind a towering picture of the Madonna and Child. Here is a strange atmosphere suggesting dust and age. But the true reason for the ghost-like quality of the room becomes clearer with the growing awareness of the faint sound of music. Organ music. But there is no one *playing* the organ! Yet faintly, ever so faintly, come the unmistakable muted strains of Gounod's "Ave Maria", coming to one as if from past years. Then emotion gives way to critical reason. After being in Miami for a few days one should have been a little quicker to recognize canned music!

Touches of showmanship of this kind mark the difference between British and American genius. A huge dish of fruit adds an impressive touch of realism to the Great Banqueting Hall. In England one would expect wax fruit. But in the Dade County Museum its genuine character is marked by a discreet ticket at the side announcing: "Fruits and arrangements from the Redlands Fruit and Spice Park."

The Aborigines' Place in Modern Australia

by AXEL POIGNANT

The Oldest Australians are the Aborigines. Mr Poignant shows how white Australians everywhere are coming to recognize a social responsibility for enabling the Aborigines to take their place in and make their special contribution to the life of the nation. During seven visits to the Northern Territory he has made films about the Aborigines and gathered material for books, one on Aboriginal children, Piccaninny Walkabout, just published in Britain by Angus and Robertson

SOME years ago I spent five months in Arnhem Land, a native reserve in northern Australia, and for part of this time I camped on the Liverpool River, the only white man among a large group of Aborigines. I was making a photographic record of their ordinary daily life. At one stage, during a bad attack of conjunctivitis when I could hardly see, one of the Aborigines by the name of Ringich volunteered to get me some medicine from the mission-station at Goulburn Island. To do this he had to walk over 150 miles each way and twice swim seven wide shark- and crocodile-infested rivers. He offered to do it as if it were just something to do to pass the time, as we might go for an afternoon's walk. Needless to say I gratefully accepted his offer and Ringich was immensely pleased when I undertook to provide rations for his wife and child while he was away. This dangerous journey took him ten days and when he returned his attitude was: "It was no trouble at all." I tell this story as only one incident among the many which deepened the respect I have for the Australian Aborigines.

One of the really important impressions I gained during the time I spent with them was the difference in bearing of the Aborigines in a white settlement or mission-station from that of the Aborigines on their own tribal lands. On the white man's land there is no doubt about the white man's superiority and the Aborigine's servility; in his own 'country' there is no trace of servility or inferiority. I became aware of the change as soon as I set foot in the Aborigines' domain: I was now the 'guest' and they were in complete control of their situation, expressing themselves fully and completely within the limitations of their own environment. I was aware that if I had been left alone in the 'bush' with just the equipment that they carried I would have perished.

The Aborigines' life is deeply rooted in their 'country', that is the area in which they live their nomadic existence, wandering in

search of food and practising no form of agriculture, pitting themselves ceaselessly against their environment so that they have developed amazing skills in tracking, hunting, finding water and all else that is necessary in order to live. Their culture centres around the totemic ceremonies, songs, dances and corroborees that are the link between their daily social life and their secret life of myth and ritual. All this is very closely connected with their environment of rocks, trees, mountains and rivers. Such is the Aborigine in his natural state. But there are relatively few who live like this now.

One who reflects the true Aboriginal background is the artist Albert Namatjira. He first observed the European style of painting when he worked as 'camel boy' for the artist Rex Battarby. He was already in his mid-thirties. He said to himself: "If the white man can do this and get two guineas for it, so can I!" He bought a box of paints and began. Rex Battarby discovered him at it and gave him his first lessons in mixing colours. His earliest work, which I saw when I was assigned to make a film about him, revealed that he was immediately able to paint with a competence that assured his artistic and financial success. He now gets between seventy and one hundred guineas for each of his pictures. But despite this success Albert always remained in his own 'country' and his first visit away from his tribal lands was when he was presented to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at a reception in Canberra. The Duke showed great interest and as the reception progressed it was noticed that the guests divided into two groups: one around the Queen and the other round Albert Namatjira, who by his quiet dignity and unselfconscious manner showed that he could adapt himself and cope with most situations.

In Australia we have approximately 74,000 Aborigines. About 46,000 are full-bloods and



3. January 1960. P. 26. P. 26.

The Aborigine children of Australia learn at an early age to be independent; in particular they are taught to find food and water for themselves from the many natural sources available around them. As soon as they are old enough to hold a small spear they take their share in the hunting and food-gathering for the family. In the group it is the man's work to hunt game—kangaroo, wallaby, emu, turkey and goose—while the women gather the plant- and vegetable-foods. The women also teach the children 'bush' lore: how to track and hunt. These two small boys in Arnhem Land are holding spears with which they can catch small game such as 'possums, lizards and bandicoots (a sort of musk-rat). The spears are projected by means of a throwing-stick. A depression at the end of the spear fits into a peg on the throwing-stick. This effectively increases the impetus when the spear is hurled.

The Aborigines can survive in dry country, where others would perish, owing to their ability to find drinkable water. Certain trees, for example casuarinas, bloodwoods and acacias, store it in their roots; others, like the paper-bark, can be tapped, though not every one contains water. If the outside bark of a selected tree is stripped off and the trunk is bruised with a stone, water comes out in a steady drip and is collected in a bark container. When this photograph was taken about two cupfuls were collected in ten minutes or so





Nullagundi, an Aborigine boy, is pulling a goanna lizard from its hiding-place, while his sister Rikili helps by poking it with his throwing-stick. The lizard is cooked on an open fire for a few minutes and is very good eating; the white flesh of the tail, being neither flaky nor stringy, provides the best meat. These lizards can measure up to nine feet in length



(Opposite) Food-gathering is the Aborigines' main occupation and it is not surprising, therefore, that even in play the children make their contribution too. Here Rikili and a friend are climbing a tree to look for the honey of the small, black stingless honey-bee which is occasionally to be found in hollow limbs. The children climb in a series of frog-like jerks, gripping the trunk with their arms and knees. (Below) Nullagundi spearing fish in the shallow waters of a lagoon. This needs a great deal of skill and practice. The spear has five prongs of stout wire, making it more difficult for the fish to escape





An Aborigine girl eating shell-fish, which abound along the Arnhem Land coast and form a welcome addition to the diet of the Aborigines. At low tide the women forage for oysters, cockles, clams and bairer-shells in muddy-bottomed bays and estuaries, working in groups, breast-deep in the water, and slowly walking forward, feeling with their feet for the shell-fish



The large mangrove crab is a much-prized food. Found among the curiously arched and tangled roots of the mangrove where it scurries about in the soft mud, it is caught with a hooked stick. Care must be taken to avoid its powerful claws which could inflict an unpleasant injury. In the background is a salt-water mangrove whose roots are visible as the tide is low



The roots of the mangrove also house the wood-burrowing mangrove worm. Rikili has collected some in a paper-bark container while her companion is extracting one from a piece of rotting root. Other foods that are highly regarded by the Arnhem Land Aborigines include prawns and shrimps, while in the 'bush' they obtain the witchetty grubs, larvae as big as a finger, which taste best when they are roasted in ashes

28,000 mixed-bloods. Nearly all the mixed-bloods and about 24,000 full-bloods live in proximity to European settlements. That leaves less than a third of them more strongly under Aboriginal than under European influence. Of these about 3000 are in Queensland, 3000 in the Northern Territory and 15,000 in the north and centre of Western Australia.

The Commonwealth Government is constitutionally responsible for the Aboriginal population in the Northern Territory only; the various State Governments have control of those within their own borders. In 1944 a referendum for the alteration of the constitution to give the Commonwealth Government control over all the Aborigines in Australia was defeated.

When Australia was first settled no serious difficulties were experienced between white and coloured people. In fact the Aborigines were accorded the same protection of the law as any white citizen. But when the original settlement began to grow and spread with the occupation of the whole country, the inevitable clashes came and these clashes meant the defeat of the natives, who had little time to adapt themselves to the situation. But that they were capable of adaptation is shown by their survival in border areas of European settlement in what Professor A. P. Elkin calls "a state of intelligent parasitism". Formerly they adapted themselves to Nature;

now it was to the settler—an adaptation forced on them by necessity and not due to a desire for civilization or respect for the white man.

The effects of this impact were far-reaching. As tribes found that settlement made their old life impossible in their own territory, social and religious organization broke down. Belief in the future and the will to survive were weakened. The younger tribesmen became more dependent on the white men and contemptuous of the old men's knowledge and authority before they learned that they did not really share the white men's way of life. Thus many found themselves disillusioned, and with no spiritual roots. For many years it was believed that the best thing to do was to leave them alone and let them die out in peace.

But there was a growing public opinion in favour of a more enlightened approach to this problem which became apparent at a conference of State and Commonwealth officials in Canberra in 1937. This conference recommended, among other things, the absorption of the mixed-bloods into the white community and that all efforts be directed to that end. Another recommendation was: "to educate to white standard children of the detribalized Aborigines living near centres of white population and subsequently place them in employment in lucrative occupations which will not bring them into

As this picture indicates, Aboriginal children mix plenty of play with the struggle for existence

All photographs by the auth



economic or social conflict with the white community."

Since then much progress has been made and a great deal of money has been spent. It is now official opinion in Australia that the general problem reduces itself to one of assimilation into the white community. This is primarily a social rather than a racial problem. It is a problem of getting people to live together on equal terms in the same society with benefit to themselves and to each other. But the achievement of assimilation will mean a big effort by the whole community if it is to fill the spiritual vacuum that follows the loss of the old beliefs of the Aborigines. The children shown in the accompanying photographs might well be taken as an example. They live on an island close to the Arnhem Land coast, in the Millingimbi area where there is a Methodist Mission. The missionaries here have all, in addition to their normal training, done a course in anthropology at the university to deepen their understanding of the problems involved. The children go to school and are

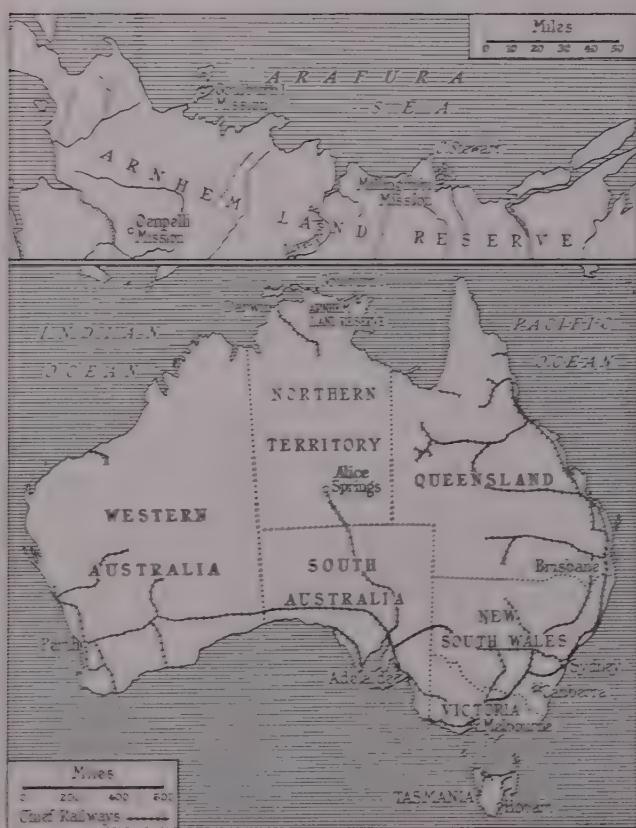
taught not only to read and write English but also to write in their own language, as well as other subjects. The older boys particularly are very eager to learn and to know all about the white man's world. There is an insatiable demand on the teacher for more and more information. But the children also 'go bush' with their parents and relatives, thus maintaining contact with their traditional life.

Legislation for the supervision and welfare of Aborigines is different in the various States and in the Northern Territory but the general picture is the same: education, housing, health services and employment each helping to achieve the ultimate assimilation of all Aborigines into the general community. The Commonwealth Government recognizes a duty to give a lead to the States and in 1953 the Northern Territory Legislative Council passed the Wards' Employment Ordinance and the Welfare Ordinance.

Under the first measure it is now possible for Aborigines who show promise to take advantage of educational opportunities that will bring them up to, and even beyond, university level. Grants of as much as £1000 (and more in special cases) are available to establish them in suitable business undertakings.

The Welfare Ordinance is based on the recognition of the right of all Aborigines to become Australian citizens. This is a tremendous advance from the old situation in which the Aboriginal population had no citizenship rights unless they obtained them by individual exemption. Now only those who are committed by name as wards of the Commonwealth are temporarily deprived of their full rights, and even such committal is subject to appeal. It is still early to see the full results but they are bound to be far-reaching.

Another change is that all people of mixed blood, living as Europeans, are made full citizens. It was tragic to see, as I have seen when walking through an Aboriginal camp attached to a cattle-station, a white-skinned baby sitting on the ground in squalid surroundings. Generally in the past such a child as it grew up





Aboriginal children being taught at the mission-school on Goolburn Island where the standard of education is the same as that for all children throughout Australia. The white child is the daughter of one of the missionaries. Aboriginal children are fully equal to white in intelligence

would fall between two worlds, unwanted by either. Now it would be collected by the Welfare officers and taken to one of the two mission-stations devoted to mixed-bloods only. There they live in a cottage system with a 'cottage mother', being given exactly the same upbringing and education as a white child. They also can get help to go to a university and to set themselves up in business.

Many important positions are held by mixed-bloods, especially in the cattle industry. Across the whole of the north of Australia they have engaged, some with outstanding success, in commercial activities, while others have done well in the field of sport.

After World War II, in which the mixed-bloods played their part like everyone else, there was some talk of prohibiting them from being served with drinks in hotels. But the white population in the north, particularly the ex-service men's organizations, protested vigorously, saying: "If they are good enough to fight with us, they are good enough to drink with us." The mixed-bloods were allowed to drink if they wanted to.

That Aborigines have made their mark in

the community is well known in Australia. A big textile firm in Tasmania each year conducts a competition for designs for its products; out of 2800 entries recently twelve were from Arnhem Land Aborigines. All these were accepted and the firm wants more. Among outstanding individuals are Captain Saunders, who served with distinction in the Australian Forces in the Middle East, Greece and Korea; Pastor Douglas Nicholls, M.B.E., a noted athlete and ordained minister of the Church of Christ; Harold Blair, a well-known singer who has done much to further the cause of his people; and Albert Namatjira, whose story I have told and who is only the most notable of many artists of the Aranda tribe.

Every year, in July, Australia now celebrates a National Aborigines' Day. Its purpose is to remind white Australians of their social responsibility to the Aborigines, who when given the chance can contribute so much to the nation. Though a great deal has been done, a great deal remains to do; and there is no longer any doubt that the white Australians are willing and eager to play their part.

The New Australians

by DON WHITE

Like the Oldest Australians, the New Australians from the Continent of Europe need sympathy and encouragement if they are to contribute their best to the national life. In helping them to do so, the "Good Neighbour Councils"—a national organization with a branch in nearly every city—play a notable part. The author, a Londoner, sets forth their problems from their point of view

THE greatest paradox of the city in this age of power-production and high concentration of populations, it has been said, is that wherever the press is greatest, the loneliness is most acute. For loneliness is not always solitude and—as Bacon long ago observed—a crowd is not always company.

King's Cross lies in the very heart of Sydney: a small area more crowded than any other in this sprawling city of almost two million souls: an Australian phenomenon—yet alien.

It differs from all the other quarters of the city not only in the composition of its inhabitants, who are predominantly immigrants from the Continent of Europe, but because amongst them you will find a larger leavening of the non-conformists, the odd-men-out, the individualists. To the man who prefers to walk alone King's Cross seems to hold out the hope that here, if nowhere else, he will find himself among his kind.

I first came to the Cross in 1953 when I was seventeen. I shared a cupboard-sized bed-sitting room with a Hungarian commercial traveller named Jim Bell. "My real name is Imre Bella," he confided to me, "but the Australians are suspicious of all foreigners and I found I got on twice as well in business when I changed it."

As I watched the never-ending stream of people shopping, loitering, gossiping throughout the day and far into the night, I found it easy to believe that King's Cross is one of the most densely populated areas in the world. Even in weather so wet or fine, hot or cold that the rest of Sydney is deserted, the streets, shops and cafés of the Cross are sure to be crowded with pedestrians, customers, *habitues* and tourists.

"I couldn't live anywhere else," Jim insisted. "This is the only part of Australia where there is any *life*. And, besides, where else could I find *real* goulash, salami, cole-slaw, paprikas or pumpernickel?"

The charm of King's Cross lies above all in its un-Australian make-up, in its foreign aspect. Nationals of every country swarm

there: the occasional African or Asian student but mainly Continental Europeans, not all of them by any means displaced persons or refugees. Many of these "New Australians"—the local name for recent Continental European immigrants—have established themselves in business or in possession of their own flats and houses.

Giuditta Schepis, or Dina as she is known at Sydney University where she is studying for a doctorate in philosophy, arrived in Australia with her family in 1947 from Italy. She is a serious girl with vivid red hair and large spectacles which help to make her look a great deal older than her twenty-two years.

Over *pizza* and *cappuccino* coffee in one of the Cross's many all-night cafés, we spoke about Australia and foreign immigrants.

"Australians are childish and stubborn," she said, warming to the subject. "They refuse to obey any conventions except those they have themselves created; and to those they offer a slavish devotion."

One of these conventions is the country's "Keep Australia White" policy which bars all Africans and Orientals.

"With the Chinese, Indian, Indonesian and Japanese hordes so close," Dina explained, "the Australians realized that the only hope of keeping out the Asian masses indefinitely was large-scale European immigration, filling up the nation with white people."

"That is why Australia went courting European immigrants. The British had always been most welcome, but suddenly the doors were also thrown open to Germans, Italians, Dutch, Balts and Slavs, displaced persons and political refugees from many countries. Australia was able to offer immigrants virtually free transportation plus guaranteed jobs."

A labour shortage has plagued Australia for years. Every day in any of the Sydney papers you can find two to four pages of jobs available in the "Situations Vacant" section. The basic minimum wage is over £13 a week and most offers are 25 per cent higher, for only a forty-hour week.

"You can't imagine how good this looked



Roy Cushman, from Pictorial Press

The "New Australians" is the name given to the people—nearly 700,000 of them—from the Continent of Europe who have migrated to Australia since World War II. They come, in order of numbers, from Italy, Holland, Poland, Germany, Greece, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Latvia and from half-a-dozen other countries. In addition some 600,000 British immigrants came to Australia during the same period



David Franklin, from *Pictorial Press*



(Above and left) King's Cross, Sydney, of which Alan Ross has written that it "has a flavour not to be found anywhere else in Australia. At night, under the elms of Macleay Street, people wander slowly up and down as in Europe, stopping for coffee or beer, looking in at the shops or buying fruit from the great banked stalls that are illuminated like altars." Here, in the heart of Sydney, this small district is crowded with the New Australians who have found in it a home that, though perhaps alien to some Australians' idea of Australia, is no alien to the newly arrived themselves. (Opposite, top) A King's Cross café. (Opposite, bottom) The brilliantly lit shop-windows of Darlinghurst Road.



Both photographs by David Franklin, from Pictorial



to us in Italy and thousands, including my family, accepted the invitation and the assisted transportation to come."

She sipped her coffee and then went on. "We were heart-broken when we arrived, for after a week my father was sent to Northern Australia to work on a mining project and my elder brothers were sent to construction jobs miles away from Sydney.

"There were no houses for us to live in; we were cared for in a 'temporary' hostel. It was terrible. Our apartment in Rome had been bad enough but this was worse, far worse. No water, no kitchen. Just an apartment with a tiny living-room and a smaller bedroom in an old army hut. Clean, but so unattractive. Mama cried all the time to go back to Italy.

"There was a tiny, crowded school. None of the children spoke English. The Australian people began to scream that the foreigners were refusing to become integrated and that the whole scheme was a failure." She shrugged helplessly. "But naturally integration was delayed so long as we lived in hostels surrounded by our own kind. And there

seemed no answer to the problem."

Even when I arrived in Sydney, vacant houses were non-existent. One flat I went after was a dream at £2 10s. a week. But key money—payment for the privilege of moving in—was £500! And many friends reported that on occasions it has risen as high as £1500. Such sums were, of course, beyond the capabilities of any new immigrant. Hardly any new houses or flats to rent were being built by private capital. The main reason for this was rent-control (which was abolished at the beginning of the present year, owing partly to the increasing influence of the Continental European immigrants) reinforced by an eviction act which, in effect, means that a man buying his own house may not evict a tenant unless he can prove in court that his own need for the living-quarters is greater than that of his tenant. House-property, therefore, was not regarded as a good investment and house-sales, too, were few and far between.

"It was a vicious circle," said Dina. "Plenty of jobs to be filled, immigrants needed

The particular character of King's Cross was established before the war when earlier immigrants from Continental Europe, many of them political refugees of intellectual distinction, created the atmosphere that now attracts the New Australians. (Opposite) A hotel terrace, Macleay Street

David Franklin, from Pictorial Press





to fill them, housing not available and stupid laws to prevent new buildings which would in turn attract the immigrants who could fill the jobs! We remained in the hostel for nearly three years."

King's Cross never sleeps and so the people whose day is night are here. One of them with whom I grew friendly was Ian Zuk-Jurkowski, a young Polish ballet-dancer, who is beginning to make a name for himself in Australian theatre and television.

The Australians' opinion of foreign migrants made Ian angry and in his inadequate English he did his best to explain. "They think we are coming out here and suddenly —poof—we are rich! It isn't so. My brother Zbyska came out here seven years ago. He was working for three years. In the day he was working from five in the morning till two in the afternoon in a machine-shop. From three o'clock until five he was gardening for his landlady in return for a rent-free room. From half-past seven till eleven in the night he was a waiter in the restaurant

Prague. He was saving more than £27 a week.

"In 1954 he made a deposit on a shop of his own—a delicatessen—and brought the rest of our family out from Europe. Now he has paid off his shop. My mother, father and grandmother live with him and serve sometimes in the store. My other brother Josef has already put down a deposit on his own milk-bar.

"Australia is truly the land of golden opportunity—but only if a man is prepared to work for it. Zbyska was working fourteen hours a day and more. The Australians are lazy. They refuse to work more than forty hours a week and it's not real work.

"Josef hired two Australians to work in his milk-bar," Ian continued. "They were paid for a forty-hour week, but Josef worked out that, with time off for morning and afternoon tea and enough other interruptions, he actually received only thirty-two hours' work for his money. Now he will hire only other Poles or Europeans. If we steal Australia from the Australians it will be their own fault."

Other cities than Sydney have their New Australians. The Myer Emporium, Melbourne, found it worth while to establish a translation-bureau and shopping service with a staff able to speak thirty languages. Shoppers are not the only ones who benefit: the former Russians seen in this photograph are hoping to obtain orders from the firm for tapestry cushion-covers worked by themselves

By courtesy of the Australian News and Information Bureau



(Right) This New Australian of Italian origin, who is by occupation a fisherman, lives at Woolloomooloo, a district of Sydney next to King's Cross where there is a small but long-established Italian fishing community. Unexpectedly the back streets of Woolloomooloo take on the air of an Italian fishing village, with nets hanging out to dry from balconies or being mended by the fisherfolk, whose boats (below) are tucked away among the big ocean-going vessels in Sydney's dock-area



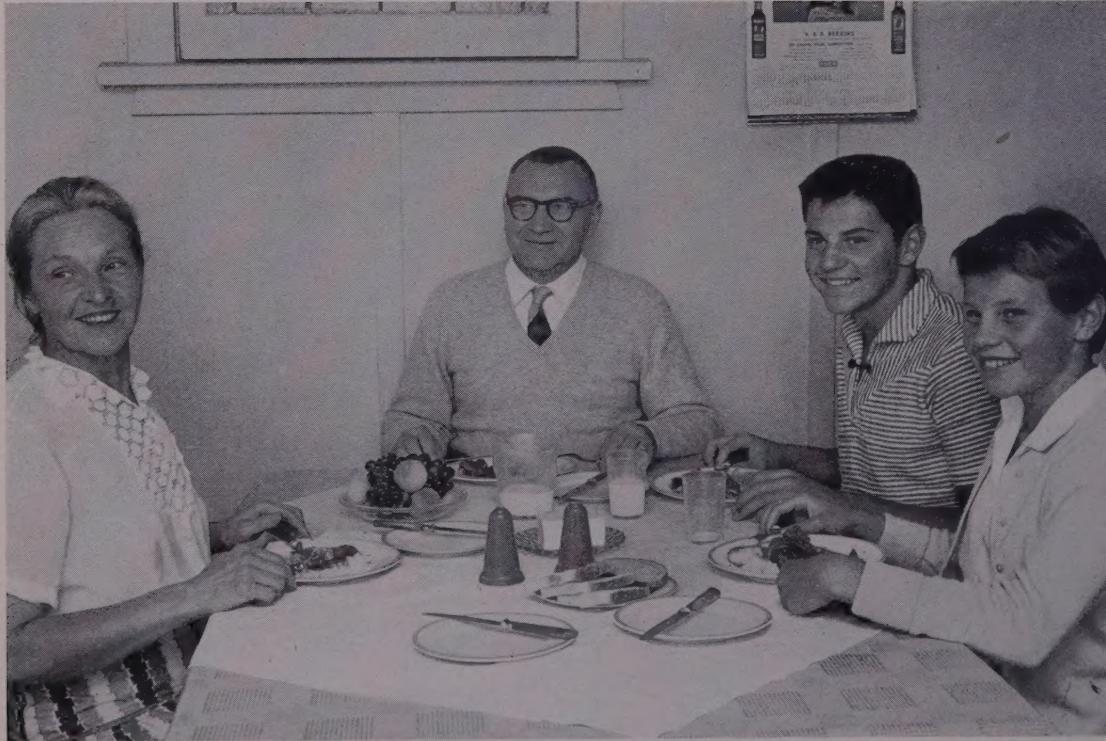
Both photographs by Nancy Phelan





Both photographs by courtesy of the Australian News and Information Bureau

The New Australians do not come empty-handed; their many skills and the vigour of their children enrich the life of Australia and contribute to her prestige. (Left) The Melbourne firm commissioned to supply the diamond-and-ruby hibiscus brooch given by Australia to the Queen Mother and the diamond wattle spray brooch given to the Queen entrusted the work to Joseph Mann, an immigrant from Hungary; while (below) Ilsa and John Konrads, the children of Latvian parents, have broken world swimming records. Their mother and father were respectively a dentist and a dental technician in their native city, Riga.



Since World War II nearly 1,300,000 immigrants have come to Australia; 600,000 of them British. After the British the greatest number, 172,000, are of Italian origin—as many as the next two largest groups (Dutch and Polish) combined. However, I learned that quite a number of the Italians return home: about a thousand out of 6500 entrants to New South Wales alone, in 1956.

In the bar of the Rex Hotel at the heart of King's Cross, I spoke to a twenty-five-year-old Italian named Bruno Petri, a short, stocky man with the southern Italian's typical swarthy skin, black eyes and curly hair. "I was one of the thousand that went home," he admitted. "But the statistics don't show why we went home. I can tell you that every Italian I met on the ship to Naples was returning home for the same reason as me: to get married; to fix up family affairs; and to bring everybody back to this wonderful country."

The immigrants who do return home for good are usually found among the British, and their reasons are as various as the people themselves. "Australians are uncouth," Mrs Margaret Jeffries told me before she left to return to Cheshire. "They eat greasy mutton here!"

Why the Continental European should have chosen the Cross as his fortress nobody could say, but from invisible flagpoles fly the standards of a dozen different nations. Perhaps there is solace for the European in the faces he sees there or in the sound of the tongues he hears there. Some suggest it is the artistic atmosphere that originally attracted foreigners to the Cross. For here you can find the young artists, full of power and lacking direction, who seek their fellows at the Cross. And here are the social outcasts and the rebels who flaunt the outward signs of an inward personality—the beards, the eccentric clothing.

The individualists of the Cross are vivid people who upon meeting you, a stranger, will invite you to their homes to partake of their hospitality from a larder the size of a shoe-box, from a bottle half-full of sweet sherry or tawny wine, from all the anxious offerings of hopeful hearts.

One such individualist is Mimi Ogilvie, a German Jewess married to a Scot, and a painter of no mean repute. In their small flat you can always find Mimi lounging on a sofa, reading and chain-smoking cigarettes. Everywhere there are books and pictures: on the mantelpiece, stacked at the foot of the bed, sharing the table with the remains of a meal.

Mimi knows all the struggling young

artists, the musicians, the actors, to whom her flat is always open, and for whom the kettle is always on the boil for tea.

Mimi Ogilvie is like most of the foreign women at the Cross, who all seem to be shorter than the Australians and plumper. There is a kind of excessive femininity about them: their hair-styles, their way of holding a knife and fork, their exquisite gloves.

Mimi would suddenly throw down her book and cry out: "What a barbarous country! No clothes, no music, no boulevards, no opera. Opera! In Bayreuth I heard *Lohengrin*, in Salzburg *Der Rosenkavalier*; Russian ballet, good wines . . ." Then after mouthing this eternal complaint of the exile she would suddenly seem to notice you for the first time and, grabbing a sheet of paper and a crayon, would cry out fiercely: "I must draw you. Your eyes, your eyes! I would like to use you in my 'Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian' . . ."

Some immigrants still find it difficult to realize that they are at last in a land of freedom. In Macleay Street a White Russian acquaintance, carrying a suitcase, stepped off the pavement, hurrying to cross to the other side. As he reached the middle of the road, a nearby car backfired loudly with a report like a pistol-shot. The poor fellow threw down the suitcase and flung both arms above his head, standing where he was, shakily awaiting the worst. Nothing happening, he looked around furtively to find that he had captured the interest of a crowd on the pavement, picked up his suitcase and slunk away.

There can be no doubt that Continental European immigrants are making an important contribution to the Australian way of life.

New Australians have opened several excellent restaurants in the last few years.

"But we had an uphill fight against staff problems, poor supplies and, at first, public indifference," the owner of the El Rocco at the Cross told me.

For better meals here very good Australian wines are available, excellent oysters, good beef and lamb.

"But only poor vegetables," he said sadly, shaking his head. "Carelessly grown and indifferently handled in warehouses and stores. I solved that problem by buying all my requirements direct from a Greek market-gardener. And the less said about the average pastry or bread, the better.

"Good food and European ideas are catching up on the Australian. He's beginning to change his eating habits and his ideas



By courtesy of the Australian News and Information Bureau

New Australian and British immigrant children learn to live happily together at a seaside holiday camp near Melbourne sponsored by a Victorian branch of the Good Neighbour Councils, in which local voluntary bodies combine, with Federal aid, to welcome and help new arrivals. These children come from Latvia, Lithuania, Russia, Poland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, England and Scotland

of what he wants to buy. But he's doing it unconsciously. If he suspected what was happening he'd have nothing to do with it. Why, on the harbour shores they're even building what will be the finest opera-house in the world!"

Perhaps the two most popular immigrants in Australia at the present time are sixteen-year-old John Konrads and his fourteen-year-old sister Ilsa, who were born in Riga, Latvia, and migrated to Australia with their parents in 1949.

John, a pupil at Sydney Technical High School where he is studying to be an architect, exploded into the aquatic world in 1956 when he broke the under-fourteen State 440 yards record. Now, one of the youngest and most famous swimmers in the world, John holds the world record for 200 metres and 220 yards, 400 metres and 440 yards, 800 metres and 880 yards, 1500 metres and 1650 yards

and at the Empire Games in June this year bettered the one-mile freestyle world record with a time of 18 minutes 56.4 seconds—44 seconds better than the previous record!

Ilsa, who plans to become a schoolteacher, is just as much a *Wunderkind* as her brother. In January she became the world's second woman to break five minutes for 440 yards in a long-course pool, and at the Empire Games in June set world records for 800 metres and 880 yards freestyle.

Australia is receiving the cream of Europe's peoples, not only in the world of sport, but mechanics, technicians, artists; and as this immigration steadily continues European influence shows every sign of increasing.

To the immigrant, Sydney is a city of promise in a land of promise; young, undeveloped, ready for anything. Its many possibilities are summed up within the few acres of King's Cross.